

IRVING'S



CANADIAN

SERIES OF

FIVE CENT MUSIC.

The Babies on our Block.

FOR VOICE AND PIANO.

PUBLISHED BY
THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY, (Limited),
TORONTO AND CLIFTON.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS IN THE DISTRICT

THE BABIES ON OUR BLOCK.

Words by ED. HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVE BRAHAM.

1. If you want for in - for - ma - tion, Or in need of mer - ri - ment, Come o - ver with me
 2. Of a warm day in the sum - mer, When the breeze blows off the sea, A hundred thousand
 3. It's good morning to you, landlord; Come, now how are you to - day? When Patrick Murphy,

so - cially To Murphy's ten - e - ment; He owns a row of houses In the first ward near the
 child - er - en Lay on the Bat - ter - y; They come from Murphy's building, Oh their noise would stop a
 Es - qui - re, Comes down the alley way, With his shi - ny, silk - en beav - er, He's as sol - id as a

dock, Where Ire - land's re - pre - sent - ed By the Ba - bies on our Block. There's the
 clock! Oh there's no perambula - to - ry With the Ba - bies on our Block. There's the
 rock, The en - vy of the neighbors' boys A liv - ing off our Block. There's the

Pha - lens and the Whalens From the sweet Dunochades, They are sit - ting on the railings with the r
 Clearys and the Lear - ys From the sweet Black wa - ter side, They are laying on the Bat - try And they're
 Bran - nons and the Gannons, Far - down and Counaught men, Quite ea - sy with the shov - el And so

children on their knee, All gos-sip-ing and talking with the neighbors in a flock, Singing
gazing at the tide; All roy-al blood and no-ble, All of Dan O'Con-nell's stock, Singing
hand-y with the pen; All neigh-bor-ly and friendly, With re-lations by the flock, Singing

"Lit-tle Sal-ly Wa-ters," With the Ba-bies on our Block. Oh, Lit-tle Sal-ly
"Gravel, Greeny, Gra-vel," With the Ba-bies on our Block. Oh, Gra-vel, Green-y
"Lit-tle Sal-ly Wa-ters," With the Ba-bies on our Block. Oh, Lit-tle Sal-ly

Wa-ters Sit-ting in the sun, A cry-ing and weep-ing for a young
Gra-vel, How green the grasses grow, For all the pretty fair young maidens that I
Wa-ters Sit-ting in the sun, A cry-ing and weep-ing for a young

man; Oh, rise, Sal-ly, rise, Wipe your eye out with your frock; That's sung by the
see; Oh, "Green Gravel Green," Wipe your eye out with your frock; That's sung by the
man; Oh, rise, Sal-ly, rise, Wipe your eye out with your frock; That's sung by the

Ba-bies a-liv-ing on our Block.
Ba-bies a-liv-ing on our Block.
Ba-bies a-liv-ing on our Block.

65,479